

THE SILENT WORLD.

Vol. V.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 1, 1875.

No. 11.

LIKE ME.

WHAT would happen, do you suppose,
If the mignonette should say to the rose:
"The pride of roses I hate to see!
Why don't you keep near the ground like me?"
What if the rose should say to the phlox:
"My form and color are orthodox—
To please your Maker, you've got to be
Precisely, in all respects, like me!"
What if a grape should say to a pear:
"Why are you flaunting about up there?
Beware of swinging alone and free!
Why don't you cling to a trellis like me!"
What if a river should say to a rill;
"If you were n't too lazy, you'd turn a mill!
Study my method, and try to be
A rushing, roaring river, like me!"

ROBIN AND THE ELVES.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

II

IN spite of the soft warm couch, and in spite of daily crumbs of bread, Zalila did not prosper. Tehaio could spread his wings again, and flutter about the old barn like some strange bright butterfly, but Zalila's wings drooped at her sides, and her head seemed almost too heavy to lift from the mossy pillow with which Robin had provided her. Robin observed this with much concern, and spoke in private to Tehaio. "What can we do for her? what is it that she needs?"

"Nothing, alas! that you can get her," said Tehaio; "the cold and the strange food are killing her." And he hid his face with his wings.

"I thought man-food so good a find for you!" exclaimed the robin. "What do you live on, then?"

"Honey-dew from the cups of flowers is our natural food."

"Dear, dear! that will be no easy matter," said Robin.

"I know it," said Tehaio. "I have flown all round the place myself in search of flowers, and there are none."

"You can not leave this place at present," continued Robin.

"No," said Tehaio, sadly, "Zalila can not fly. I could carry her a little way, but not far—my strength is not what it was; and it will need a long flight to take us out of this cruel climate."

"Why, then, we must find help near at hand," said Robin. "Cheer up, Tehaio, there must be some corners I have not looked in yet, and I have heard my mother speak of snow-drop flowers in winter; I am going off to hunt."

Away flew Robin and up and down he hunted, but no snow-drops were as yet above-ground. As he flew round the big house, whither he had gone as the most hopeful place, Robin suddenly caught a gleam of bright flowers through glass. He stopped to look: it was a large conservatory, and within it were green shrubs and climbers, and many flowers. Robin's eyes sparkled at the sight, and he beat against the glass to try and force a passage in. This he soon found he could not do, but further examination showed him an open window, and in a moment Robin was inside.

"It must have been made for them—I am convinced it must!" chirped he, hopping about in the warm, soft air. "I will fetch them this minute—stay, where shall I pick up a flower to carry to them?"

At that instant a door opened, and a gentleman and two or three children came into the greenhouse.

"Oh, papa, papa," cried the children, "here is a poor little robin inside!"

Then their father opened the windows, and the children ran and shouted and flapped, and Robin, quite bewildered with the confusion, after bumping himself two or three times pretty hard against the glass, took refuge on a high perch to collect his scattered wits.

"This will not do," thought he, panting. "Better the quiet dark barn than all this commotion. They might frighten little Zalila to death."

"Come away, children," said the gentleman; "the robin will find its way out, I dare say, when it is let alone." So they all departed, to Robin's great relief. Left undisturbed, he soon perceived which was glass and which was open window, and perching himself in the entrance, he thought, "It is not so bad, after all, and the elves are so tiny that I dare say men's great clumsy eyes can not see them. And this food and shelter is worth some risk to get, for I am afraid they will both die if they stay where they are."

With that he caught sight of a primula flower that had been knocked off in the scuffle, pounced down upon the prize, and flew safely out of the window.

Tehaio and Zalila were lying curled up in the moss, and he, though feeling very sad, was trying to cheer Zalila with assurances of better weather soon, when in flew Robin, out of breath with haste.

"I have found you a home!" cried he—"oh, a home such as you never saw yet! A place where it is always summer, and where flowers are blooming, and the air is only too warm for me, so I suppose it will suit you well."

"Too far off, I fear, for us at present, good Robin," said Tehaio.

"Too far? It is not twenty curves of flight off!" replied Robin.

"Yes, there it is; a bit of summer with winter all round it. It is a space covered and girt round with hardened air, or some enchanted substance maybe, for it lets light through, and one can see beyond it unhindered, and yet it shuts out wind and frost. No rain can fall there, nor any snow, and the cold, which goes every where, can not enter that enchanted ground. Ay, you think I have been dreaming; look there, then!" and Robin proudly brought out the flower which he had hidden under his wing all this time, and laid it before them. "Get food from it," he said, "and strengthen yourselves, that you may fly to where there are hundreds of flowers better and fresher than this. There is one objection, I must tell you, to the place," Robin continued, while the elves busied themselves over the flower. "I am afraid it is a good deal infested by men."

"Oh, if that is all, never fear!" said Tehaio, joyously. "There is nothing we like better than to render service to men."

Robin looked at his tiny friends, and thought of the huge creatures that had pursued him in the greenhouse. "Well, you are strange beings!" he said; "but since this is no obstacle, will you not possession at once? Come with me and see the place, Tehaio."

"I can not leave my little Zalila alone," replied Tehaio; "we will all go."

But Zalila tried in vain to spread her wings for flight; she could not raise herself off the ground.

"I will carry her there," said the robin, offering his strong little back.

"But if she should turn faint and drop off—"

"Ride on my back, both of you," said Robin, "and you can hold Zalila fast." Not carry you? Why, half a dozen such as you would hardly be so heavy as the last piece of moss that I brought."

So the elves mounted, and Robin, flying as steadily as he could, passed out into the pale sunset light, and came straight to the greenhouse.

"There!" he said, as he landed them safely on a broad geranium leaf, "I will ask you to-morrow what you think of your new kingdom; meantime sup well, sleep well, and good-night."

The soft warm air was like new life to the half-frozen elves, and they were still basking silently on the spot where Robin left them, when a door opened, and one of the little girls stole in to see whether the robin had escaped. She could not see the elves, but as she stood there she became aware of their presence. If you do not happen to know this feeling, it is a difficult one to describe: it is best expressed perhaps by a smile stealing over everything. For trees and flowers and grass, and the ground itself, are the happier for the presence of elves or fairies, and if you are on terms of intimate friendship with the trees and flowers, you will feel their joy. It was so with little Esme; she stood still, and the smile stole over her face also. She even knew, which does not always follow, what was the cause of the gladness, and repeated softly to herself,

"Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place."

But Esme knew well that fairies do not like to be disturbed, and instead of hunting about for them, she quietly withdrew, content to know that they were there.

Robin felt lonely that evening in that big empty barn; he put his head under his wing, however, and slept soundly all night, relieved from the anxiety he had felt for some days past. But when the twitter of the birds outside awoke him, the lonely feeling came back. "No hurry to go and look for breakfast," said he; "there is only myself to provide for. Ah!" he went on more cheerfully, "but I have to call on the elves and inquire how they are," and with that thought he flew merrily to the window-sill. It was too early; no crumbs were spread there yet, and a visit to the greenhouse proved that its windows were all closed as yet, so Robin began flying to and fro in sight of the window-sill, to keep himself warm. The window opened at last, and Robin was so eager that he all but alighted on the sill while the children were still scattering the crumbs.

"How tame our birds are growing!" said a boy.

"I do believe that is the robin that was in the greenhouse," said another child.

"Rob, Rob, Robby," cried they, "come in, and we will make you a warm little house of your own, and give you lots to eat!"

But Robin did not understand these friendly invitations. Snatching his breakfast as quickly as he could, he flew away again, glad to be well out of reach of the children. The way in to visit the elves was now open, and as Robin hopped in, Tehaio flew to meet him. They had been bathing in the fountain, and looked so fresh and bright that Robin trilled a little song of congratulation, perched above them on an oleander bough. Then Tehaio took him all round the little summer kingdom, as he called it, that Robin might admire the fern-fringed fountain with its jet of spray, the palms and orange-trees, the camellias and roses, and the passion-flowers and other climbing plants, whose festoons and tendrils seemed made for the elves to swing and flutter among.

"Why should you not live here?" said Tehaio.

"No, no; the free open air for me," replied Robin. "And at night, when it blows, when it freezes and snows, I am sheltered as warm and as snug as can be, while I sit in the barn, and keep myself warm, and hide my head under my wing," quoth he.

The gardener, who came in just then with his watering-pot, frightened Robin away before he had asked the elves a question to which he much wished to obtain an answer: whether they would not remain and live there instead of flying farther in search of a home. "And yet no, I won't ask it," thought he, as it was on the tip of his beak the next day. "If they are not thinking of going, it might put it into their heads, and I do so want them to stay."

Robin therefore held his tongue—a very unusual thing for a robin to do—until one afternoon he could bear it no longer, and determined to go and ask them then and there. As he perched on the window-ledge, to make sure that there were no men there before flying in, a sweet silvery sound of elfin music reached his ear. It was Tehaio and Zalila, sitting together on a leaf of a tall white lily, the gold-tipped pistils of whose flowers seemed to beat time like cymbals to their song.

"Chill blew the blast from northern skies;
The freezing elves it swept along;
No refuge met our fainting eyes
These white and whirling snows among.

"Down fell we with the falling flakes,
And thought to find a snowy grave;
When lo, a roof the tempest breaks,
A friendly robin comes to save.

"He gave us warmth, he brought us food,
He found a home for us to dwell;
Oh, Robin friendly, Robin good,
Thy grateful elves will love thee well!"

So they had sung together; but here they paused, and Tehaio, putting his arms fondly round Zalila, sang alone:

"No icy storm shall touch thy form,
Or freeze again thy gauzy wing;
'Mid leafy bowers and fragrant flowers,
Here shalt thou find if spring."

Zalila laid her hand in his, and answered:

"'Neath this safe dome we'll make our home,
Nor seek again a distant shore;
Kind hearts are here, and pleasant cheer;
Oh, love, we will not wander more!

They both together sang joyfully:

"Here lies our home, no more we roam,
But here we play our busy parts,
And daily raise the song of praise
That gushes free from happy hearts!"

Robin's unasked question was answered, and instead of entering the house, he flew to a bush of *pyrus japonica*, and caroled out his own little song of praise, right happy to know that his friends were not going to leave him again.

"I can not think what has come over the conservatory this winter," said the master of the house to his wife. "It never prospered half so well before: the plants all look as if they positively enjoyed growing."

"I know why—there are fairies living there," said Esme.

Her father smiled, but one of her sisters said, "No, Esme, that must be nonsense, because fairies live all together in fairy-land, and only come down in troops now and then to dance and play, and then go back again."

"Except fairy godmothers," put in a little boy, who had just been reading *Cinderella*.

"Well, perhaps they are elves, then," said Esme; "elves of the flowers. But I never can quite make out the difference between elves and fairies; can you, sister?"

Her sister could not, and some of the elder ones began to tease and question her about her elves so, that before long she slipped away into the greenhouse to assure herself again of the elves' presence. And the ferns and palms branches nodded at her, and the lilies and crocuses and hyacinths smiled, and a little rose-bud near her almost laughed out in her face with joy, for it had just received a kiss from Zalila as she passed by. There could be no doubt it, the elves were there.

Now that there was no danger of their being disturbed by intruding idlers, Robin took an early opportunity to tell his friend Tomtit who his guests had been, and offered to introduce him to him to them. But when Tomtit found that he must enter the greenhouse for the purpose, he declined.

"How can elves, who are smaller than we, go and live so near to those monsters of men?" he exclaimed.

"They do not seem to fear men a bit," said Robin; "indeed, they seem rather to like them, and say that they are fond of doing them service."

"Doing service to them!" echoed the tomtit. "Why, we who are so much bigger could not possibly do that; and how can elves expect to serve men?"

"I think with you," said Robin. "But good-by for the present, for I have not finished my dinner, and there is no time to lose, for it is going to be a biting frost again to-night."

The moon had been shining for several hours in the clear frosty sky when Robin, asleep in his barn, was aware of sundry twitches and tugs at his feathers, and a voice assailing his sleepy ears, "Robin! Robin! wake up."

"Do leave me alone—it can not be morning," murmured Robin, dreaming that he was a chick in the nest. Then, rousing at a very determined tug, "Why, Tehaio, what is the matter? has any thing happened to Za lila?"

"Zalila is safe," replied the elf, "but the conservatory is on fire, and I want you to go and rouse the people of the house—we can not—that they may come and put it out."

"Me!" exclaimed the robin; "why, I don't even know how to get in!"

"Down a chimney—I will show you which," said Tehaio, "and then you have only to make all the noise you can, and if they open the door, to fly down stairs, that they may follow."

"Won't it be dreadfully dangerous?" said Robin. "But I was forgetting; it is your home that will be destroyed—I will go!"

They flew toward the house, Tehaio giving him further directions. "Come with me," said Robin.

"Zalila is all alone with the fire," said Tehaio.

"True—go to her!" cried Robin. "But," he added, as his eye fell on the ivy-covered wall, distinct in the white moonlight, "what if I call my friend Tomtit? two can make twice as much noise as one."

"Do so; only lose no time," replied the elf.

Robin flew to his friend's ivy nook, and after being kicked at for an intruder and scolded at for an owl, he succeeded in making him understand who he was, and in a few words told his errand.

"But the elves can fly away," objected the tomtit.

"But not the people who are in the house, and it will be burned as well."

"Let them take care of it, they are big enough," said the tit.

"Yes, only they are asleep. And they have given us our food every morning for many moons."

"That's true," cried the tomtit; "we owe them some effort in mere gratitude. Lead on, Robin, I'll brave it!"

They had reached the chimney-top by this time, and down the both of them went. They came out safely into a room, and forthwith began to make as much noise as they could. Robin uttered his warning cry of "Stick-stick-stick!" repeated as loud and as fast as possible; Tomtit chimed in, and they both flounced about the room in the dim half twilight that the moon made, shining through drawn blinds. It was not the room of the master of the house which they had thus invaded, but the one in which the little girls slept. The commotion soon awoke them up, and they ran to call their mother, and presently both father and mother returned with them, carrying a light. As soon as they saw the little birds they opened the window to let them out; but Robin, mindful of the elf's directions, darted out at the door instead, followed by Tomtit, and down stairs they flew, followed by the master of the house; the mistress stopped behind to see her little girls into bed.

"Very odd!" said the master to himself. "I never knew little birds to fly about at night before—" and here he suddenly stopped, for he smelled fire. He examined the stove in the hall, the library, the dining-room, and then he opened the door that led into the greenhouse. There it was: an overheated flue had set fire to some wood-work; two minutes more, and a tall wood pillar would have been reached by the flame, and then the whole of the roof would have caught fire, and it could hardly have been put out. All this he saw as he ran to fill a watering-pot, and doused the flame; but what he did not see was the elves busily fetching water from the fountain in a cup-shaped leaf, with which they damped the wood-work, and hindered the spreading of the fire.

"If it had not been for those little birds we might all have been burned," said the master of the house to his wife, who had joined him, as they stood to watch the last smouldering sparks die out. And the elves, looking on from their leafy covert, repeated these words to the two birds that sat beside them, and they smiled, and were much gratified. They remained in the greenhouse till daylight, and as they flew away Robin observed to Tomtit, "I see I was mistaken; small creatures can serve big ones if they have a mind to do it."

"Yes," said the tomtit, "and it gives one a sort of comfortable feeling inside to know that one has been useful. Those are dear little elves, Rob; I'll come and visit them again."

Such a breakfast the children of the house gave to the birds that morning! They were sure that it was two of their pensioners that had come in to give notice of the fire, and they heaped the window-sill with bread-crumbs, and crumbled some cake too, to make it a feast, and they would have added some jam, only their mother objected to the mess. And the little birds feasted.

Nobody so much as thought of the elves but Esme. "It was your doing, you dear little elves; it was you, I am sure, who saved us," she murmured, softly, as she stood in the greenhouse.

The trees were fast coming into leaf, and the garden was bright with spring flowers, and Robin had been so busy for some days past building a nest, with a little wife he had wedded, in an old thorn-tree against the wall of the barn, that he had hardly seen any thing of the elves. Hopping in, however, one sunny morning to pay them at last a visit, he was met by Tehaio, who led him to a shady bower, and there on a broad leaf sat Zalila with the tiniest, loveliest little creature on her knee—an elfin baby!

Robin is a friend of mine, and comes now and then to breakfast with me, and it is from him that I have learned this history of the elves. There he is now, tapping at the window. I will ask him in, and read to him what I have written, and then, if he approves of it, I will get him to sign his name at the bottom, as a witness to the truth of this account of Robin and the elves.

ROBIN REDBREAST, X his mark.

THE SILENT WORLD.

Published Semi-Monthly at 711 G Street, N. W.

JOHN E. ELLEGOODPublisher.

WASHINGTON, JUNE 1, 1875.

OUR subscribers who have received *unsigned* receipts as reminded of the expiration of their subscription, will please attend to them.

ALMOST the first thing we saw, when we came to unfold our copy of the paper, after the edition of the last number of THE SILENT WORLD had been printed, was the name of Miss Laura Sheridan in the Personal Column. Miss Sheridan sent up some personals, and by some oversight her name was printed with one of them. We had not the least intention of publishing it at all; and Miss Sheridan herself could hardly have been more vexed at the blunder than we were. We hope, therefore, that she will overlook it.

WE have reason to feel proud of the progress that has been made of late years in making people generally understand that a deaf-mute is like any one else, except that he can not hear and speak. Yet some otherwise very intelligent people still have very queer ideas about the deaf and dumb. Of this we all of us daily have more or less experience. A rather extreme instance lately came to our knowledge, which, while it amused us a little, provoked us more. It occurred in one of the largest cities of the "best educated country in the world." In this city there is an institution for the deaf and dumb; and one day a number of school-girls asked at the door to be allowed to go through the building. They were shown into a room where the deaf and dumb children were at work under the charge of a hearing teacher. After gazing a few minutes with wide-opened mouths, one little miss of thirteen or thereabouts asked: "*Can they eat?*"

THE JOURNAL AND SMALL INSTITUTIONS.

THE number of THE SILENT WORLD of April 15, 1875, contained a brief notice of a suggestion in *The Journal* that small institutions should be established wherever it is possible to bring together a sufficient number of deaf and dumb children to warrant the expense. We remarked that the great objection to this plan was the difficulty experienced in all small institutions of so grading the pupils that their progress should not be retarded and the labor of the teacher increased. This seems to have nettled *The Journal* not a little; for in its issue of May 13, 1875, it says: "THE SILENT WORLD thinks that any plan for collecting deaf-mutes in a place of education, whether that place be large or small, is open to great objections." It then proceeds to explain what it means by a "small institution" and finally announces that it is "ready and willing to discuss the question with THE SILENT WORLD or any one else."

By a "small institution" *The Journal* means "one with a hundred or a hundred and fifty pupils." By a careful reference to the list of institutions in the January number of *The Annals*, we find that, of the forty-four institutions in the United States, only twelve had over a hundred pupils in attendance Nov. 1, 1874. We will suppose that *The Journal* would call all having over two hundred pupils large institutions. That gives the United States six large and six small institutions. Now we would like to know how *The Journal* classifies the thirty-two institutions, all but one

of which have less than a hundred pupils each. If an institution with "from a hundred to a hundred and fifty pupils" is a small one, pray what is an institution with less than fifty?

By a "small institution" we understand one with less than fifty pupils; and we think that any one at all acquainted with the subject will sustain us in the assertion that, in such an institution, there is always great difficulty in properly grading the pupils and progress is retarded by each class consisting of several divisions.

We entirely agree with *The Journal* that "with a hundred or a hundred and fifty pupils and the requisite accommodations and funds to carry out the essential features of such an institution, we know of no reason, either adduced or suspected, that could be held up as an objection or drawback" to its success.

But it happens unfortunately that three-fourths of the institutions in this country have less than a hundred pupils each, and if these are not small institutions, we fail to see the need or propriety of suggesting that small institutions should be multiplied. If there are not enough deaf-mutes in the neighborhood of these institutions to make them of sufficient importance to be called small institutions, where will it be possible to bring together a sufficient number to warrant the establishment of small institutions?

Accepting *The Journal's* definition of a small institution, there are only four really large ones in this country (viz: N. Y., 532 pupils; Ohio, 407; Ill., 341; and Ind., 291;) and it is only in the States where these are located that there is any need of small institutions. And when we remember that the New York Institution is by far the largest of these four and that *The Journal* was started in the interests of the deaf-mutes of the State of New York, we can not avoid the conclusion that the editor of *The Journal* had the New York Institution and the interests of the New York deaf-mutes only in mind while writing the article we have been so unfortunate as to notice.

We will only add that the article in question did not contain the slightest indication that it was not of general application, and had we not understood the suggestion to be made in the interest of all the institutions and all the deaf-mutes in the country we should not have noticed it at all. *The Journal* having explained for our benefit what a small institution is, we have tried to make a general application of its suggestion in the light of that explanation with the above results.

We can not help thinking that justice to our readers, no less than to ourselves, requires that we should make this explanation, as, without it, what we did say on the subject a few weeks ago, appears in a very different light. It is, however, not to be thought of that THE SILENT WORLD should waste any more words in discussing a question with *The Journal* which the two papers view from such different stand-points. In the future we shall be more careful to remember that articles in *The Journal* may have a local application only, and will make our comments, if we make any at all, accordingly.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

CLERC HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM DEAF-MUTES.
To The Editor of THE SILENT WORLD.

I beg of you to print in your next issue the following letters:
NEW YORK, May, 10th, 1875.

DR. ISAAC L. PEET.

Dear Sir: Among the propositions, which were approved of by the Committee on the building fund of the National Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, was the following: All the principals and superintendents of the deaf-mute schools in the United States and Canada shall be solicited to collect mites from all the pupils in their charge for that fund before their approaching vacation.

Thereupon, soliciting you to lend assistance to this noble work of charity, we are confident that your long and constant intercourse with the deaf and dumb and your knowledge of their peculiar mental habits and proverbial proneness to isolate themselves from the society of the hearing and to delight in each other's company and conversation, will enable you to feel and recognize the absolute indispensability of a permanent Asylum to the comfort and happiness of the most unfortunate of their class.

Should you comply with our request, we beg to suggest that you appoint some competent persons in your school to undertake the collection, and to assure you of our appreciation and gratitude for your kindness.

Yours, Respectfully,

JOHN CARLIN,

Chairman of the Committee on the Building Fund.

No. 212 West 25th Street, New York.

All drafts or checks will be made payable to the order of William O. Fitzgerald, Treasurer, Custom House, New York.

DR. PEET'S REPLY.

NEW YORK May, 13th, 1875.

JOHN CARLIN ESQ.,

Chairman B. F. C. &c,

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your esteemed favor of the 10 inst. relative to the the collection of funds for the erection of buildings for the National Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes. I share the views as to the importance of the work which you set forth in your letter, and shall place the subject before our teachers and pupils at the earliest favorable opportunity.

I hope, before the close of the term, to have the pleasure of forwarding a substantial sum of money as our contribution to the building fund of the Home. With best wishes for your undertaking, I remain

Respectfully, Yours,

ISAAC L. PEET, *Principal.*

I am confident that all the other principals, to whom I have written on the same subject, will take the pleasure of emulating the promptness of action of my excellent friend of Washington Heights.

The Advance and other Western papers will please copy.

A LECTURER'S MISTAKE.

Some public speakers are in the habit of selecting some bright, interesting and attentive face in their audiences, and addressing their remarks to that particular individual, as it were. Dickens always did so when reading. It is also the custom of a certain well-known lecturer, about whom this story is told:

One night he was lecturing in a Western town, and, as usual, on stepping upon the platform he swept the house at a glance in search of this necessary person. It was not long before his eye caught that of a bright, intelligent looking lady, sitting in one of the front seats. There is my auditor, he thought, as he turned over the leaves of his manuscript. I will address myself to her, for I have already taken a great interest in that thoughtful countenance.

As the lecture proceeded, he became conscious of the effect he was producing upon this auditor. The lady never took her eyes off his face, and her expression denoted the most earnest listening and intense sympathy. When his eyes twinkled, her face was wreathed in smiles; and when they filled with tears at some touching anecdote he was relating, she used her handkerchief freely. This is certainly very flattering, thought the lecturer; I do not know when I have had so sympathetic listener. I declare I must manage to meet this lady before I leave the town. And he closed his

manuscript feeling very well satisfied with himself and his audience.

As the people were leaving the house, he went up to one of the lecture committee, and said, running his fingers through his hair and adjusting his neck-tie,—

"Who is that very intelligent looking lady, in the blue bonnet who sat directly in front of me, and listened so attentively to my lecture?"

"O, that was Miss Blank," was the reply; "she is a deaf-mute, but she has read all your books, and was very anxious to see you, although she could hear nothing you said."

HOW A LITTLE BOY SECURED SOME KITE CORD.

ONE day last week a little boy who had been standing for some time in front of the drug store of Dr. Sheetz enviously eyeing a large reel, well provided with "simmy dimmy" twine, as the boys call it, which was fastened to the top of the counter, summoned up courage enough to walk in and ask for a few yards with which to fly his kite.

The doctor bears the reputation of being a good natured man, full of humor and very fond of the little ones, but the youngster approached him at a time when he was out of his usual mood, and he consequently gave "no" for an answer. The urchin had made up his mind to have some of "that there cord," any how; and as the sequel will show, he got it.

Yesterday morning the boy entered the store, accompanied by another boy and a dog. Boy No. 2, having placed a bottle upon the counter demurely asked for five cents' worth of "syrup squills and pollygolic," and while the doctor was filling the order, boy No. 1 was tying the end of the cord to the dog's tail. When the man of medicine returned to the counter, the reel was flying like fury. The doctor quickly reached for a pallet-knife, and, having hung himself over the counter, made a desperate whack for the cranium of the youngster, who, he supposed, was sitting on the floor helping himself. But, lo! the boys and the dog "Bouncer" were non est.

Mr. Sheetz having tried in vain to stop the reel, was obliged to give up on account of the heat it communicated to the palm of his hand. He started down the street in quest of the other end of the cord, occasionally stopping to pick up the string with a view to checking its raid progress, but, it being too hot for his fingers, he would quietly drop it again and continue on his chase.

When he reached the next corner he beheld the boys upon the sidewalk about two squares ahead, and "Bouncer" in the middle of the street, going at the rate of forty knots an hour, the string pointing directly toward his tail.

The doctor shouted and he placed his foot upon the cord, but the dog's tail would not come off nor the string break, and finding he was running a risk of having the sole of his slipper, and perhaps his foot sawed in-twain, he retraced his steps, and by the time he found a knife the stock of cord was pretty well used up, and the reel continued to spin for some moments afterward, until it stopped of its own accord.

Although the doctor has lost the patronage of two families, there was none who enjoyed the joke better than he, or who can tell it with a greater gusto. When the first kite makes its appearance in that vicinity and raises to an extraordinary height, the doctor will find out where the boy lives and carry him some liquorice root.

A. B. Greener, a semi-mute, employed at the State bindery, had his left fore-finger crushed in an embossing machine May 27, afternoon, in such a manner as to render amputation probable. Dr. Halderman dressed the wound.—*Ohio State Journal.*

A KITE CARRIAGE.

IN Macready's "Reminiscences" we meet with a novel account of a kite carriage. While the celebrated tragedian was making his wedding tour, in 1824, he was one day contemplating the Druidical remains at Stonehenge, when his attention was called to the sound of music rapidly approaching from the distance. It proved to be the strains of a bugle, well played, and, looking in the direction whence it came, he perceived a rude carriage, consisting of little more than a square box on four wheels, capable of holding three or four persons. It was traveling down the incline of the road with extreme velocity, without any motive power visible.

Macready gazed upon the vehicle with amazement, but as it came near he discovered that it was attached by strong, light cords to three large kites, one above another at equal distances. As the carriage drew up to the Druidical temple, its owner turned its side to the draught of the kites, and, having fastened in the earth an anchor or grappling iron, pulled in the kites, which were of oiled silk, or some similar material, and between five and six feet in height. Five years afterwards, Macready again encountered the same carriage on a journey from Colchester to London. Although on the two occasions mentioned the experiment of terrestrial navigation by aerial courses was perfectly successful, Mr. Macready states that he never saw any public notice of it.

A PLAGUE OF RATS.

A RANGOON correspondent of the London *Times* writes to that journal as follows: "While Bengal has lately struggled through a famine crisis, the Kurens country, lying on the confines of Burmah proper, has narrowly escaped a crisis of the same kind, but in this instance rats, and not drought, were the cause of scarcity. It appears that certain parts of Burmah are periodically visited by a plague of rats. Hosts of them march across the country, and attack the roots of the crop and the grain in the villages, and actually drive out the populace, and cause whole villages to be deserted by their depredations. Such a plague had appeared near Tounghoo, and some suffering had arisen in consequence, but the Government appear to have provided food for those in want of it, and all fear of famine is now averted. A forester, but a few weeks since, as he was going to visit the teak forests rented by a large firm in Bombay, witnessed the passage of an army of rats as they crossed the Sittang. He was at the time gliding down stream in his boat, and the boatman called his attention to a large black mass swarming down the high banks. These turned out to be rats, and as they swam across the river they kept a kind of military formation. He represented their numbers to have been myriads. They passed close to the boat, and were large rats. The late Dr. Mason, in his book on Burmah, mentions the plague they were to the country, but until their depredations had spread to such a large extent as they did last year their presence was ignored. It appears that they generally keep near hilly country, and scour the plains at seasons when the nuts or fruits of the hills fail them."

CORRESPONDENCE.

NORWICH, CONN.

MR. EDMUND, of the Park Church Sunday-school, has a class of a dozen deaf-mutes whom he instructs. He gave them an entertainment at his house the other evening, and their expressions of joy and appreciation were as unmistakable as if made in speech.—*Weekly Courier*, Feb. 18, 1875.

A novel and very interesting feature in the review exercises at the "Park Sunday-school" on Sunday last, was the exhibition by Mr. Lamb, senior member of the class of deaf-mutes, of the leading points in the lessons of the past three months, which were given in the sign language accompanied by the expressive gestures which the deaf-mutes so effectively use in describing events. Mr. Lamb was very happy in his effort, and was interpreted by H. V. Edmonds, the teacher of this class, and indeed so striking and clear were many of the signs and gestures that the scholars were enabled to get some of the features of his story without the aid of the teacher. Mr. Edmonds is deserving of praise for his labors in this peculiar and pleasing field of labor.—*Weekly Courier*, March 21, 1875.

NEW YORK.

THE officers of the Institution for Deaf-mutes on Washington Heights, on the afternoon of May 10, afforded to those who desired it an opportunity for observing how the change in the school and working-hours which was made last fall, has affected the pupils; also for listening to the report which Dr. Peet, the Principal, has prepared for the State Department of Education; and to judge of the law recently past, by which the benefit of the institutions in this state are effected.

Mr. William Denningson, a rich old bachelor millionaire, recently died, leaving one eightieth of all his property to the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

At a meeting of the Manhattan Deaf-mute Literary Association on the evening of May 14, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: *President*, John Witschies; *1st Vice-President*, P. Fanning; *2nd Vice-President* F. Klingman; *Secretary*, G. Farley; *Treasurer*, S. M. Brown.

Mr. L. Schloss, of the Brooklyn Sunny Side Club of Deaf-mutes has recently been elected vice-president to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. G. L. Reynolds.

The long talked of debate between the Manhattan Deaf-mute Literary Association, and the Brooklyn Sunny Side Club (of deaf-mutes) came off last evening at the rooms of the former, before quite a large number of persons. The subject of debate, was: "Which should be elected President of the United States lawyers or generals?" Messrs. Bond and Godfrey had been selected to represent the Brooklyn Club and Messrs. McGuire and Roane, the M. L. A., but only one from each association put in an appearance. This at first caused some confusion, but was soon settled by allowing volunteers to assist both sides. The subject was argued about an hour and a half, when a vote was taken eighteen being for generals, while but eleven supported lawyers: thus securing a victory for the M. L. A., by seven votes.

SEAWHANAKA.

PITTSBURGH, PENN.

PITTSBURGH is a large city, having a population of 100,000. It is situated between two large cities (Alleghany City, with a population of about 60,000, and Birmingham, with about 40,000.) Now Birmingham is a part of Pittsburgh, and its name has become Pittsburgh (south-side.) There must be more than seventy deaf-mutes in the city and vicinity.

We have a day-school and a Sunday-school.

The day-school was the first established for the deaf and dumb in the United States. The average number of pupils attending school is about forty, and they are under the charge of Mr. Archie Woodside and his sister Sarah. Most of them live in Alleghany City.

The first colored pupil, who was found by Mr. Kerr, and put to attend the school, lives with his uncle. His parents died when he was a child. His name is Henry Bell.

In the Sunday-school, in the First United Presbyterian Church, services are held at two o'clock every Sunday afternoon. The average attendance is about twenty-five. Sometimes Rev. Dr. J. G. Brown gives a sermon, which is interpreted by Miss Sarah Woodside.

The elected officers of the Sunday-school are the following: *Superintendent*, Archie Woodside; *Librarian*, Samuel Woodside; *Treasurer* H. H. B. McMaster.

Some of the deaf-mutes attend the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Rev. Mr. Milligan, where the services are interpreted by Miss Sarah Woodside every Sunday morning. Ten of them have joined the church. On Sunday afternoon, April 18th, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered; and they sat at the table before Miss Woodside who interpreted the service to them.

On Saturday afternoon, April 17th, Mr. Archie Woodside's daughter was baptized and named Hattie Maude Woodside.

On Thursday, April 29th, Mr. Wm. R. Drum, of Pittsburgh, a deaf-mute and a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, and Miss Annie Dunlap, of Baltimore County, Md., were married in the Second U. P. Church, Pittsburgh. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. John G. Brown, D. D., by means of the manual alphabet. The bride is the daughter of deaf-mutes, both graduates of the Pennsylvania Institution, but she can hear and speak.

BLAIR.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

NEBRASKA.

Looking across the river from Capital Hill in this City a large brick building on the opposite side of the river is seen standing by itself about a mile south of Council Bluffs. That is the Iowa Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and it contains 132 pupils. Eight teachers are employed and the Trustees have lately held a meeting and decided that they have discharged their duties faithfully.

New buildings to be used as workshops are now being erected, and in the next School year the boys will be taught to work in tin, in the manufacture of brooms and furniture and in shoemaking, and the girls will be taught dress-making and knitting. One of the Trustees, Mr. Lange, is to visit similar Institutions in Europe and come back and make suggestions in November.—*Omaha Herald*.

MINNESOTA.

THE measles invaded our Institution early in April. A little boy of ten was attacked. It was hoped the rest of the pupils would escape, but the disorder spread rapidly, and almost every one who had not had it previously, was compelled to pass a few days in the hospital. The little boy who introduced it into the household was delighted when he learned that he had given it to so many others, and began to laugh over the joke—for such he seemed to regard it—before he was out of bed. None were seriously ill, and all recovered after a few days confinement.

The weather is delightfully warm and pleasant. The woods are full of beautiful spring flowers, and many lovely bouquets are brought in by the pupils daily.

Mrs. Green died in Faribault, Minn., a few weeks ago. She was a daughter of the Hon. Amos Kendall, the founder of the Columbia Institution at Washington. She was an estimable lady, and made many friends during her few years' residence in Faribault.

The latest arrival is a very bright deaf-mute boy eight years old. His father is the Hon. W. D. Washburn, of Minneapolis, and he is a nephew of the United States Minister to France.

Mr. Noyes is absent on a tour of the institutions in the neighboring States. When he left, he expected to visit the institutions in Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. He took with him the plans for our new buildings, his object being to add all the latest improvements found in the other institutions.

D. H. C.

NEW YORK.

At the buildings of the New York Institution for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, Washington Heights, May 18, there was an anniversary celebration and an annual meeting of the members for the election of Directors and other officers. Notwithstanding the distance to the Institution the chapel was crowded by visitors. At the annual meeting for the election of officers the result was as follows:

President: Rev. William Adams, D.D., L.L.D.
First Vice-President: Hon. H. E. Davies.
Second Vice-President: Hon. Erastus Brooks.
Treasurer: Joseph W. Patterson.
Secretary: Thatcher M. Adams.

The election being concluded, the members and officials proceeded to the chapel, and as soon as they were seated, an opening address was made by Isaac Lewis Peet, L.L.D., the Principal in the Department of Education. He stated that the Institution was opened as a school on May 20, 1818, with five pupils. The first President of the Board of Directors was Hon. DeWitt Clinton. During the period of fifty-seven years, the Institution has imparted the blessings of an education to 2,453 deaf-mutes. There have been in attendance, since September last, 308 boys and 218 girls. Of these, there have been removed, through various causes, nine boys and nine girls, leaving the present number at 527. When Dr. Peet had concluded the exhibition began. It consisted of exercises showing the various powers of the pupils in the alphabet for the deaf and dumb; in the sign language, to the extent of pictorial illustration of ideas, and in Bell's system of articulation, and which has taken the place of the German system in this Institution. Many of the thoughts expressed in pictorial signs by the more advanced pupils commanded the admiration of the most distinguished representatives of education present; and the art shown by one lad in conveying an idea by gesticulation of various animals, birds, and their peculiar characteristics, brought out continued applause from the commencement to the end of his exhibition.

When all had been shown that the programme had promised, Dr. Peet came forward upon the platform, and for the purpose of showing that the exhibitions of mental power had not been mere rehearsals of parts set down for them, he called on the assembly for questions which he promised to put to the pupils. These were given, put, and answered satisfactorily. During this portion of the exercises a young man on a

front seat nervously handed the doctor a scrap of paper, upon which there was written the following question:

"Have any of your pupils of *The Tribune*?"

The doctor, turning immediately to the advanced pupils on the platform, handed the important inquiry to the student nearest him. The latter read it, smiled, and been turning to the mammoth slate, wrote rapidly as follows:

As I am, unfortunately, deaf, I cannot say, with perfect truthfulness, that I have heard of *The Tribune*. I have, however, seen it named, in some of the important journals of New York City, as having been founded by Horace Greeley; I have seen also that Horace Greeley is dead; that they erected a monument to him somewhere near *The New York Times* building, and adjoining that of *The Sun*; and that in the hollow part of the monument, away up near the top, they have put a youthful editor to haul up or down the American flag, as the weather and circumstances may seem to direct. I may be mistaken about it, but so I have read several times.

The audience accepted the reply with applause. Dr. Peet then intimated that he was not responsible for the answers made, and that those asking questions must take the answers given. He then wrote a question for another pupil himself, asking him if he has ever seen or read *The Express*. The pupil receiving it wrote upon the slate as follows:

I know Hon. Erastus Brooks, for he is one of the Vice-Presidents of the Institution, and he is the editor of *The Express*; but it is an evening paper, and does not, therefore, reach here often, so that I cannot say much about it, though I would like to speak well of it, as I presume I could if I had read it.

Dr. Peet then put a similar question to another pupil concerning *The Times*. The young man turned to the slate and wrote the following:

Although I differ with *The Times* in politics I cannot help confessing that it is one of the best and most ably conducted journals in this country. When Mr. Raymond died the people thought its stock would go down. But their thoughts were good for nothing, for instead of going down it continues to live, and now, if you search this whole country through you cannot find a journal better than it.

Dr. Peet now announced that the time for the arrival of the train for New York City was approaching, and that the public exercises would be considered as closed until June next.—*New York Times*.

COLLEGE RECORD.

MR. J. G. PARKINSON, '69, is the proud and happy father of a son aged about three weeks.

MR. W. L. HILL, '72, and his bride (a hearing lady, spent a few days at Kendall Green recently. A reception, which was well attended, was given at the house of President Gallaudet in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hill. The Senior Class presented them with a beautiful flower vase.

Mrs. ELIZABETH L. DENISON, who resigns her position as assistant matron at the close of the present school-term, has been presented with some silver by the pupils of the Primary Department. Mr. and Mrs. Denison will occupy new house in the fall.

GOTTLEB is the name given to the student, who is either too fat or lazy to pick up the ball quickly enough.

THE past long and cold winter turns out a fraud. For lo! ice is a luxury the students must dispense with—it being so decreed.

THE Rev. Mr. Llewellyn Pratt, several years ago Professor of Natural Science in the National Deaf-mute College, spent several days with his friends at Kendall Green recently.

AT the Anniversary Services of the Young Men's Christian Association, of Washington, Edward M. Gallaudet was elected president but his inaugural address, which was expected, was not delivered, owing to his unavoidable absence.

AN entertainment highly appreciated and enjoyed by the "select few" of the boys who witnessed it, was given lately in the neighborhood of the hydrant, by Mr. Turtle and Squire Snake. All went wick-edly, until Turtle tried to swallow Snake, and failed, to his own disgust, and the indignation of the latter, who forthwith made his exit (into Kingdom Come); whereupon Mr. Turtle adjourned the assembly *sine die* by going over the hill tail foremost, not without suspicion, however, of being sent by an "oncharitable kick."

THE College Nine, who were rather smartly defeated by the Preps. on April 8th, sent the latter a challenge, after having gone into a short training with unwonted zeal. The challenge having been accepted, ye Preps. were in turn defeated. The following is the score:

COLLEGE NINE		O.	R.	PREPS.		O.	R.
Seymour, p.....	4	2	Waters, c.....	1	6		
Edwards, 2 b.....	1	5	Rice, l. f.....	5	2		
Gray, l. f.....	3	4	Frisbee, p.....	3	3		
Murphy, r. f.....	3	4	Crane, r. f.....	3	4		
Park, 3d b.....	2	5	Erbe, 1st b.....	6	1		
Gardner, 1st b.....	2	5	Fleming, c. f.....	2	5		
Myers, c.....	1	5	Tipton, s. s.....	1	3		
Freeman, s. s.....	4	4	Bryant, 3d b.....	2	3		
Simpson, c. f.....	2	4	White, 2d b.....	4	2		
Total	22	38	Total	27	29		
INNINGS.							
College Nine.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	9
Preps.....	5	1	0	0	12	4	4-38
	3	4	1	1	2	3	2 4 9-29

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It is now understood that one stamp can not sell three barrels of whiskey.

At Marietta, Ohio, recently, a canary hatched twin birds from a single egg.

The Kansas grasshoppers speak very highly of this spring's early cabbage.

A land patent was recently issued from the Marysville (Cal.) office to George Christopher Columbus Schillenbergannanzi.

The silverware for the great Palace Hotel at San Francisco cost \$60,000, and among it is a novelty in silver-tea caddies, etc., so that the guests can make their own tea, after the Chinese fashion.

A Doniphan county, Kansas, sheriff, whose unpleasant duty it was to put a widow and her children out of a house, on which she had failed to complete payment, hunted up another house for her and paid a month's rent in advance.

A gigantic swimming bath, composed of iron and roofed with plate glass, has been moored in the Thames at London. The water that is admitted to it flows through a thick bank of charcoal, and is so effectually filtered that it sparkles and glistens as if it were drawn from an artesian well.

William E. Kisselburgh describes in the *Troy Times* the strange sight of antelopes keeping company with a Pacific Railroad train. There were a hundred or more of the fleet, graceful animals, and for two miles they ran parallel with the cars, as though interested in the race. Then one of the passengers fired at them with a revolver, scaring them away.

A resident of Beaubien st. called at the Central Station yesterday to relate the fact that his wife had run away. "Well, we'll try and arrest her," replied the sergeant, after hearing the particulars of the case. "That wasn't what I came for!" said the man, with a disappointed look; "I want the detectives to keep her on the run."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A New Orleans minister recently married a colored couple, and at the conclusion of the ceremony, remarked: "On such occasions as this, it is customary to kiss the bride, but in this case we omit it." To this unclerical remark the indignant bridegroom very pertinently replied: "On such occasions as this, it is customary to give the minister ten dollars; but in this case we will omit it."

At a school examination a clergyman made a brief address to the pupils on the necessity of obeying their teachers and growing up loyal and useful citizens. To emphasize his remarks he pointed to a large national flag spread on one side of the room, and inquired: "Boys, what is that flag for?" A little urchin, who understood the condition of the house better than the speaker, promptly answered, "To hide the dirt, sir."

Approvoking piece of impudence was recently perpetrated upon Miss Soldene, the opera bouffe singer, in New Orleans. A superb bouquet was thrown upon the stage, and the fair artist, after smiling sweetly upon the young man who threw it, stooped to pick it up. Just before her fingers touched it, it was suddenly withdrawn, a string having been attached to it for that purpose. The gifted youth has been heavily fined for the outrage.

During the twenty years that the Lord Falmouth has been connected with racing, on only one occasion has he been tempted to make a bet. When on a visit to Whitehall to see his filly, Queen Bertha, he asked Mrs. Scott, wife of the trainer, what would win the Oaks. She replied, "Queen Bertha, my lord." Lord Falmouth bet her sixpence that this would not be so. His lordship had the best of the betting, but he lost his wager, as the filly won. On the day after the race he obtained from the mint a brand new sixpence, which he had set in rubies and diamonds, and presented to Mrs. Scott.

THE FORTNIGHT.

The Pope reached his 84th birthday on May 13.

There has been a recent battle in Cuba between government troops and 600 insurgents, nineteen of the latter being killed and five of the former.

The mining troubles and outrages still continue in Pennsylvania. The strikers still adhere to their determination not to work, unless their demands for higher wages are complied with.

Coinage of the new twenty-cent pieces has been commenced at the Philadelphia mint.

The Smithsonian Institute will exhibit at the Philadelphia Centennial a large collection of specimens of the mineral resources of this country, and its chief mining and metallurgic products.

New Orleans is evacuated. Seven companies of the twenty-second United States infantry have left that city for their former stations in the vicinity of Milwaukee and Detroit. And General Phil. Sheridan is soon to be married.

The Black Feet Indians, who have a reservation stretching to a considerable distance along the southern boundary of Canada, recently raided into Canada and stole a large number of horses. Our government has been requested to attend to the matter.

A collision occurred on the 4th of April, off the coast of China, between the Chinese steamship *Fu Sing* and British steamship *Ocean*. The *Fu Sing* foundered almost instantly, causing a loss of fifty lives. The *Ocean* was seriously injured, but succeeded in reaching *Wa Sing*.

Gen. John C. Breckinridge died at his residence near Lexington, Ky., on May 17, afternoon, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. The career of Gen. Breckinridge was remarkable for one of his years, he having been elected Vice-President when only about thirty-five years of age, and was thirty-nine when nominated for the Presidency.

A gigantic whiskey ring has been discovered by the government in the leading cities of the South and West, by which the revenues have been defrauded of millions of dollars. Officers having been posted at all suspected points, seizures were made simultaneously, on May 10, at St. Louis, Milwaukee, Chicago, Evansville, and elsewhere. In St. Louis alone \$700,000 worth of property was taken.

The biggest thing for a long time in the way of a conscience contribution was received at the United States Treasury at Washington on May 15. It came from a penitent Baltimorean, and amounted to \$3,400. The sender wrote that it was due for internal tax on manufactured goods. It is supposed at the Treasury that the conscience of this party was stirred up by the raid on whiskey makers.

About 250 houses were consumed in Osceolo, Clearfield Co., Penn., on May 21, and 400 families rendered homeless by a fire which had its origin in the forests of Pennsylvania. The fire surrounded the town in such a manner that it was impossible to escape by the roads. In this emergency a train of box-cars was fitted up and made four trips at an extremely fast speed. About 1,000 people were carried in this way to a place of safety. There is much destitution among those who were burnt out—most of them having saved only their lives—and an appeal has been published for aid for them.

Mrs. Mary L. Lincoln, widow of the late President Lincoln, has been adjudged insane in the County Court at Chicago, and was lately removed to the hospital at Batavia, Ill. The legal proceedings were based on a petition filed by her son Robert, setting forth that his mother had property exceeding \$75,000 in value, and was incapable of managing her estate. After the verdict of the jury declaring her insane, Robert took the hand of his mother affectionately, and she exclaimed, "Oh, Robert, to think that my son would ever have done this." Mrs. Lincoln subsequently made a determined effort to commit suicide, but was fortunately prevented.

Five prisoners at Sing Sing, N. Y., made a daring escape on the morning of May 14. They dropped from a bridge near a quarry where they were at work, on to the locomotive of a passing freight train, and presenting pistols at the heads of the engineer and fireman, drove them from the cab. In a moment the engine was uncoupled and the desperadoes started off at full speed toward the city. The alarm was speedily given and men hurried in pursuit from all directions. Three miles down the track the locomotive was found in a disabled condition, but there was no trace of the fugitives. At last accounts the officers were pressing the search with energy.

MARRIED.

MR. FRANCIS M. STAPLES, of Belfast, Maine, and Miss PRUDENCE E. WOOSTER, of South Hancock, Maine, both graduates of the American Asylum, on May 5, 1875.